

MAJOR HALLECK is dispersing \$10,000 among the Winnebago Indians at Stevens Point, Wis.

AMERICA, during the last year, sold to other countries \$122,000,000 more goods than she bought of them.

MISS H. L. VAN ALLEN, the only American killed in the Ischia earthquake, was buried at Jersey City Heights on Friday.

THE giant O'Brien and the giantess Deatz, who were married in Pittsburgh, gets \$85 per week and all expenses paid.

THE "Jim" River in Dakota is said to be the longest unnavigable river in the United States, if not in the world, its distance being nearly 1,000 miles.

THE remains of Samuel Piercy, the actor who died a year ago of small-pox, will be disinterred at Boston and taken to San Francisco for final burial.

ANOTHER Chinese gunboat was launched at Stettin Saturday. The legation at Berlin are contracting for and shipping vast quantities of war material to China.

AT Clinton, Ill., a few days ago, Mrs. William Ball gave birth to twins, who have six fully developed fingers on each hand. The children are perfectly healthy.

GOVERNOR GRANT, of Colorado, has pardoned two convicts in the State Prison because of their good conduct in nursing a fellow prisoner while he was sick with small-pox.

THE City Council of Columbus, Ohio, has formally rescinded the resolution adopting standard time as the official time of the city, and reverted to the old or actual standard of time.

ADMIRAL RAYMOND RODGERS and Senator Don Cameron mutually became grandfathers about a fortnight since, when a son was born to the son of the former and daughter of the latter, who were married last January.

LEWIS G. SMITH, sexton of the church at East Boston over which the Rev. Warren H. Cudworth presided, fell dead on its threshold Saturday, dying as suddenly as his pastor. When stricken he exclaimed, "My hour has come, too."

A PASSENGER on the Auburn Railroad offered the conductor a trade dollar for fare. The conductor examined it and remarked: "I don't want that piece of money." "Well give it to the company, then," replied the passenger.

THE richest United States Senator is Fair, of Nevada, with \$18,000,000. Next Sawyer, of Wisconsin, \$7,000,000; then comes Don Cameron, with \$5,000,000; Miller, of California, \$4,000,000, and Brown, of Georgia, with \$3,000,000.

OLD bachelors will please take notice that this is the last month before leap-year. If they have any desire to take the initiative, they had better be about it. A few weeks hence and it will be too late.

SINCE the beginning of the glass-blowers' strike three months ago at Pittsburgh, Pa., over 100,000 boxes of glass have been imported to that city. There are no indications of a settlement between the workmen and the manufacturers.

SECRETARY FOLGER paid a delicate compliment last week to Mrs. Kate Chase and to the memory of her father, the organizing Secretary of the Treasury during the war, by ordering her effects to be landed from the En-peace steamer without examination.

AFTER a refreshing night's sleep, O'Donnell ate a hearty breakfast and conversed freely with the wardens Sunday. He does not seem to despair of a respite. He will remain at Newgate prison, where he will be hanged probably Dec. 17.

THE Iowa Traveling-Men's Association held its third annual meeting on the 1st inst., at Des Moines. The following officers were elected: President, R. W. Chapin, Des Moines; Vice President, G. W. Griffey, Keokuk; Treasurer, I. E. Tene, Des Moines; Secretary, O. W. Hazard, Des Moines.

THE forthcoming report of the New York Chamber of Commerce will show that the foreign business of the United States during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1883, amounted to \$1,607,330,140, an increase over the previous year of \$40,258,340. The exports exceeded the imports \$103,989,430. The value of the cotton exported was \$247,328,721; of the bread stuffs \$208,049,850.

ROMANTIC CAREER OF A MILLIONAIRE NEW YORKER.

How He Achieved Fame and Fortune—How He Won a Beautiful Boston Belle—The Memory of His First Sweetheart.

New York Morning Journal.

On a bright, frosty morning late in the fall of 1853 a stout German youth hastily made his exit from the little university of Munich, Bavaria. He wore the conventional tight-fitting suit of the German student. A cloth carpet-bag contained his wealth with the exception of a few florins in his pocket and a stout walking-stick in his hand. Heinrich Hilgard was a bright youth, an apt scholar, had passed through the elementary school of Zweibrücken, the town of his nativity, and the several classes of Latin school and finally had spent a year at a French school at Pfaffsbau in Lorraine. He terminated his pursuit of knowledge by taking "French leave" of the University at Munich. School life had grown monotonous. He had entered upon it at six years of age and twelve years later had concluded to seek his fortune. The youth tramped to the home of his father, who then occupied a judicial bench in the town of Zweibrücken. With a fair show of meekness the son listened to the anticipated censure and then coolly proposed that his father should settle upon him a small fortune with which he desired to speculate in American cities. The result of this interview was that a few days later Heinrich Hilgard left the parental roof with sufficient funds to carry him across the ocean to a settlement in a remote corner in Illinois where an uncle had preceded him a year before and was engaged in farming.

Heinrich, it is said, had left behind a beautiful French maiden, whose acquaintance he had made while attending college at Lorraine, and his step on entering upon the world had been induced by an ambition to become worthy of her hand.

On November 3, 1853, the intrepid young man landed in Castle Garden. The grandeur of the metropolis dazzled him. Instead of going at once to Illinois he decided to try his fortune here. A year of misfortunes and ill-luck, however, served to alter his mind considerably. With a sinking heart he sought his relatives in the township of Belleville, St. Clair County, Illinois, and there remained as a farm assistant for several years.

During the long winter evenings Henry, as he had now become known, amused himself by corresponding for German papers at his old home. At last he secured a little money for his articles in a German paper in St. Louis. This was the turning point in the career of the ambitious youth. He soon increased his knowledge of the English language by diligent study, and soon after settled in St. Louis, where he obtained employment. Then he interested himself in the progress of the rapidly increasing Western cities and wrote glowing accounts to the New York *Tribune* and *Herald*. In 1858 he was engaged to report the political campaign between Lincoln and Douglass, for the New York press. He rapidly rose in journalistic circles, and then for the first time the name of Henry Villard, a non-de-plume, became known to the people of this city. Under this name he won many laurels. When war was declared between the North and South in 1861, he was engaged by the New York *Herald* as a war correspondent.

At the first attack upon Charleston he was on Admiral Dupont's flag-ship, and was the only correspondent in the engagement. His success in reporting the battle earned for him a three-weeks leave of absence, and on coming North he found himself a hero. He made the acquaintance of William Lloyd Garrison, and was taken to that gentleman's home in Boston, and introduced to the Garrison household as a hero and strong anti-slavery advocate. Here the young man saw Miss Fanny Garrison, a beautiful young lady, who was about completing her education in a Boston seminary. She was considered one of the belles of Boston society, was patriotic, bright and, though quite young, thoroughly understood the cause which led to the breach between the north and south. Mr. Villard passed many hours in conversation with the enthusiastic maiden, before he again started for the front. Her vivacious manner and winning ways had driven from his memory the early resolutions made before he sought his fortune on this side of the Atlantic, and the modest desire for a little cot in sunny France with the dark-eyed girl who had first inspired him with the tender sentiments of love, as his wife. Never in all his travels in Europe or in any portion of the west and south—for by this time Villard had seen much of the world—had he come in contact with a soul which had so thoroughly charmed him. He returned to the south fully determined to keep her foremost in his memory. When, later on, malarial fever contracted in the southern swamps, forced him again to return north, he was assisted back to health by the tender sympathies and cheering smiles of the beautiful Boston girl. Then he declared his love both to the daughter and parents, and a little later he led her to the altar. Since his marriage, Mr. Villard's life has been one of unusual success. Today the once poor but ambitious emigrant youth may be found surrounded by a lovely family of children in a grand old mansion bordered by parks and lawns on the banks overlooking the Hudson, near the city. The beautiful young eastern girl is just as charming as ever, while her life is devoted to the care and education of the lovely daughters and noble sons growing up around her.

Beauty of the Highland Girl.

William Black in Harper's Magazine.

The Scotch are a wiry and hard-enduring rather than a muscularly massive race, though here and there the Scandinavian physique is found to prevail. In the island of Lewis it is odd to note how in the north, where

the names of the villages and mountains have Norse terminations (boast and bhal), the population is of the stalwart, tall, fair-haired, Scandinavian type, while the smaller black-haired or red-haired Celt occupies the southern half of the island, in which the names of the streams and mountains and lakes are exclusively Celtic. The handsomest man I have ever seen was a boatman on the west of Skye, the calm and serious dignity of whose face seemed more suggestive of Leonardo da Vinci than of herring fishing; and the handsomest woman I have ever seen was a young married lady who, some years ago, happened to be traveling in the Clansman, and whose gently modulated English indicated an Inverness origin. When a Highland girl, even of the peasant class, is pretty (and the phenomenon is not of very rare occurrence), the prettiness is of a refined and intellectual type; the forehead high, the eyes clear, full, and contemplative, the mouth fine, and the expression of the face gentle and yet firm. Wordsworth never forgot the beauty of the Highland girl he saw at Inverness. Indeed, it is said he had to recur to that fount of inspiration when he wished to pay a poetical compliment to his wife. For the rest, the way in which an educated Highland young lady speaks English is one of the most delightful things in the world, though no doubt she would be very much surprised, and even indignant, if she were told she had any accent at all.

SAGACIOUS MULES.

How They Behave Under Ground in Mines and Tunnels.

Mules seem to be more useful about mining operations than horses. In running an anastomosing mine is much better than horses. He will get shy and shrink work if he can be going very slowly, but may be encouraged by rocks and other missiles to quicken his pace. He will stand this treadmill work well, and thrive on it, while the nobler animal will wear out.

Under ground the mule is preferable in many ways, and these animals are generally used there instead of horses. They are intelligent, and if they fall and are entangled, are apt to lie quietly while being released, instead of kicking and thrashing about to their own injury, as a horse will do. Some people have a prejudice against them, alleging their tendency to kick, but under ground they do not seem to do that, whatever may be the case above.

They become very tame when under ground. Mr. Sutro describes those in use at the famous tunnel, as having become the miners' pets. He says the men become attached to them, and as the shaft mules pass along by the men at lunch, edibles are given them. When signal is given to fire a blast the mules understand the signal, and will try to get out of the way of it just as the men do. Of course, the mules become accustomed to the darkness, and in going out into the sunlight can not see very well, and when they go back from the sunlight into the tunnel they can not see at all. At the Sutro Tunnel they are in the habit of covering one eye of the mule until they go into the tunnel again, when the cloth is removed, so they have one good eye to see with. This plan had to be adopted, because the mule is so stubborn that he will not pull unless he can see his way ahead. At this place another thing was found out about mules. They tried horses at first, but found that whenever any thing touched the ears of a horse he would throw up his nose and knock his head against the roof; but if you touch a mule's ears he drops his head. The horses were given up, and mules answered very well.

The Tallest of Trees.

All the Year Round.

Though there is every probability that California's big tree will maintain its supremacy as the most massive column in the world's forests, it must perforce yield the palm of altitude to the Australian eucalyptus. In the valley of the Watts River, in Victoria, many fallen trees have been measured as they lie on the ground, and found to exceed 350 feet in length. One mighty giant had fallen so as to form a bridge across a deep ravine. It had been broken in falling, but the portion which remained intact measured 435 feet in length, and as its girth at the point of fracture is nine feet, its discoverer estimates that the perfect tree must have measured fully five hundred feet. Its circumference, five feet above the roots, is fifty-four feet. Another gum tree on Mount Wellington was found to be 102 feet in girth at three feet from the ground. Its height could not be estimated, owing to the density of the forest. But its next neighbor, which was ninety feet in circumference, was found to be 300 feet in height. In the Dandenong district of Victoria an almond-leaf gum tree (eucalyptus amygdalina) has been carefully measured, and is found to be 430 feet in height. It rises 380 feet before throwing out a branch; its circumference is sixty feet. Tasmania also produces specimens of eucalyptus which are 350 feet in height and which rise 200 feet before forming a branch. One near Hobart Town is ninety-six feet in girth, and, ten years ago, towered to a height of 300 feet, but is now a ruin. The question of supremacy, is, however, confined to altitude, for the untidy looking eucalyptus, with its ragged and tattered gray bark hanging about it in such slovenly fashion, can never contest the palm of mighty or majesty with the stately cedars, whose magnificent golden red shafts tower on high like the fluted marble columns of some vast cathedral.

"I was only footing one of your late bills," remarked a fond father to his daughter, after kicking her sweet William out of the front yard.

People who are color-blind can not distinguish any difference between red and green. To them the woman who paints her cheeks look green.

"THAT'S ALL RIGHT."

A Story of the Far West. Laramie Boomerang.

It occurred in the winter of 1881-82, at Cheyenne, the capital of Wyoming. He was a member of the territorial Legislature, represented a western county, and his name was Smith. He had been in attendance on the daily sessions of that august body all through the term, and, like most of his worthy colleagues, had spent some money during the time. He hadn't spent any great amount of cash either, for that matter, but had used his cheek so often that it had become as tough as a boarding-house flap-jack. He put up with Landlor Jones, who ran the Railroad House at that time, and bought most of his Havana and coffin varnish at Luke Murrin's. Murrin always kept the "best," and Smith was a connoisseur when it came to cold poison. Singularly enough, too, his bill at Murrin's was about \$100 more than he owed for board at Jones', but either of them would buy Senator Tabor three or four pairs of suspenders with jeweled buckles.

A day or two before the final adjournment Smith called for his bill at Murrin's, and, after carefully glancing over the formidable array of figures, told Murrin that Jones, mine host of the Railroad Hotel, owed him a little more than what the bill amounted to. He would tell Jones to make it right with him. Of course, Murrin knew that Jones was good for the amount, and with a "That's all right; what'll you have?" the subject was dropped.

That evening Smith told Jones to look over his books and see how much he had set down opposite his name. This done, Smith said Murrin owed him a few hundred on a stock deal; would he just as lief collect the amount from him?

"That's all right," said Jones. "Murrin's good for any amount."

Well, the day of parting came, and of course all the "boys" gathered at the depot which was really the Railroad Hotel, to bid the law-makers good-by. Smith was there, and catching hold of Murrin's arm, he said pleasantly:

"We might just as well go on now and fix the matter up with Jones, eh?"

"Oh, that's all right," said Murrin.

"Well, but I want to understand, you know: Come in," and Smith hauled Murrin through the crowd of worshippers who thronged about the shrine of Bacchus to where Jones stood.

"You remember that matter I spoke to you about the other day—when I referred you to Murrin, eh?" asked Smith.

"Oh, yes," said Jones. "That's all right."

"And you," said Smith, turning to Murrin, "you understand it don't you?"

"Certainly," answered Murrin: "that's all right."

"Well, I'm glad it's fixed. Let's take something."

They bowed their heads as the presiding deacon passed the fluid. Then the conductor shouted "all aboard!" and every body made a rush for the cars. As the train left the depot Smith stood on the rear platform waving a soiled napkin at his friends.

Murrin and Jones walked into the barroom together, and, lighting a cigar, began a conversation which lasted a full hour. Finally it began to drag, and at last Jones said:

"I suppose that little matter of Smith's can be fixed up any time?"

"No hurry—no hurry, my boy," replied Murrin. "That's all right."

Jones looked up inquiringly, but said nothing. They talked stock for fifteen minutes, and then Murrin abruptly remarked:

"Good fellow, that Smith."

"Yes; jolly good boy. Funny he didn't have the cash to settle his bills when he left. Must have had a rustle with King Pharaoh."

"But the arrangements made was satisfactory?"

"Oh, yes, that's all right. What'll you take?"

After they had touched glasses over the walnut slab and threw their heads back to inspect the frescoes on the ceiling, Murrin turned to leave, saying, as he put his handkerchief back in his pocket:

"Just send the check for the amount of Smith's bill up to the house any time. No hurry, my boy—no hurry."

"Eh?" almost shouted Jones.

"Why, you understand: you owe Smith and he owes me; you agreed to pay me instead of him."

"Agreed he—! Why, Colonel, the man owes me, and you agreed to pay it. Didn't you say it was all right?"

"And didn't you say you'd pay me; that it was all right?"

A flood of light began to pour in on the subject, illuminating their craniums as a tallow candle lights up the interior of a Halloween pumpkin. Jones handed out the same bottle once again, and the only sound heard for several seconds was that of some liquid coursing its way along a narrow and tortuous channel.

Rapid Chess Playing.

New York Sun.

A noteworthy exhibition of Dr. Zakertort's skill in rapid chess playing was given on Friday at the rooms of the Manhattan Chess Club in a series of the class of simultaneous games which Capt. Mackenzie has made familiar to the club members for the past two seasons. Twenty-four chess tables were ranged in the club chess parlors, and when the expert began his pedestrianism, walking along the inner circle of the tables, he had twenty-four opponents to encounter. One of these, Mr. Fisher, withdrew after a few moves, but the others went through the fight to the end, the list of contestants including Mr. W. Hill, the chess champion of the New York Press Club, and his father, Mr. Hill, and Messrs. Ryan, Devissen, Hanham, Dimock, Isaacson,

Simonson, the brothers Baird, Rolfe, Wehle, Stone, Lipshutz, Frere, Rosenbaum, Holfe, C. Thoron, Spiegel, Parnell, Aurbach, Palmer and Pinkham. The games began at 7:30 P. M., and by 11:30 the last move of the journey had been made, with the result of eighteen victories for the Doctor and but three defeats, two games being drawn. The first victim of the Doctor was Mr. Thoron, who resigned at 8:20 P. M., and the last to give up was Mr. Devissen, who gave his formidable opponent work to do to win. The first to win a game from the champion was Mr. W. Hill, the second being Mr. Hanham, and the third Mr. E. W. Dimock of Wall street, who played a very fine game. Mr. Wehle secured a draw, and Mr. Holfe, after obliging the Doctor to exchange his queen for a rook, finally had to be content with a draw. During the tourney Messrs. Delmar and Davidson played a finely-contested match in the back parlor of the club, which resulted in a draw. On Friday next Dr. Zakertort will undertake the difficult task of playing twenty games in one evening's sitting without seeing the men on the boards.

GETTING DRUNK ON CATSUP.

A Sad Picture in the Troy Police Court.

Exchange.

A very sad picture of domestic life was seen in the police court the other day. Morris Hickney, an industrious and sober man, appeared against his wife Bridget, and charged her with being an habitual drunkard. He said it seemed impossible for her to let intoxicating drink alone, and that it had made him miserable and his home unhappy. In appearance Mrs. Hickey was neatly dressed, seemed modest and intelligent. She pleaded with her husband and with the court against being sent to jail, saying it would kill her. "I am your wife, Morris, and have no one in the world but you. Don't send me to jail, please don't," she begged. Justice Jennings said he had administered the pledge to her last Sunday, and asked her husband if she had broken it. Mr. Hickey said she had, and was intoxicated last night.

"No, I was not," replied his wife. "I'll go down on my knees before you, Justice, and swear I'll never touch a drop again. I did not drink ale, wine, liquor or any thing intoxicating since I took the pledge. All I drank was catsup, and but a few mouthfuls of that."

The court said it was very sorry, but the only way to cure her of the old habit was by placing her where she could not get liquor, and she was sentenced to jail for thirty days.

"Oh, yes," said the eldest Miss Culture at table d'hôte the other evening. "I breakfasted yesterday with Mrs. Brainwait, and we enjoyed a delicious repast, excellent coffee, superior bread and piscatorial globes done admirably."

"What?" asked her friend. "Piscatorial globes," repeated the Boston Miss. "And what under the sun are they?" "I believe," said Miss Culture, drawing herself up stiffly, "I believe uncultured people call them fishballs."

Influence of Food on Milk.

The influence of food upon the quality of milk has called forth, first and last, much discussion and in this country it is generally conceded that food has very much to do with it. The contrary opinion, however, has some advocates who base their conclusions mostly upon the experiments made by Dr. Kuhn at the Moeckern Agricultural Station in Saxony. It is claimed that he demonstrated that the feeding of a cow has nothing to do with the quality of milk, and the necessary consequence is that we cannot increase the ratio or proportion of cream or butter in a cow's milk by any change of food however rich it may be. This is so much at variance with the experience of dairymen on this side of the ocean that most dairy people are skeptical about these experiments. Curiosity led to an investigation of the methods employed in these experiments and the revelations were not a little surprising. The milk of Saxon cows, if the agricultural reports are to be credited, is of remarkable richness, four and five quarts yielding a pound of butter. We venture to say that such cows are not to be found anywhere outside of Saxony. The conclusion is irresistible that the statement in these reports, as well as that of the Doctor himself, may be taken with many grains of allowance.

A New Siamese Sword of State.

St. James' Gazette.

A new sword of state, meant to replace the old weapon handed down from remote ages as the symbol of authority in Siam, has just been completed for the King by Mr. J. W. Benson. The blade is double-edged, spear-shaped, and fifteen inches long. Toward the hilt it is inlaid with gold of varying tints, wrought in different devices, the figure of Buddha being prominent on each side. The handle, which has no cross guard, is seven inches in length, and consists of enamelled work studded with diamonds, while the sheath is one entire piece of wrought gold, set with precious stones.

A St. Louis man tripped on a rug at the door of his bedroom, slid down a long flight of stairs, crashed through a glass door, down the stone doorstep, rolled across the yard out through the open gate, crossed the sidewalk on the dead side, and brought up like an avalanche against a tree-box. "By heavens," he said as he limped back to the house, "that tree-box might have been the death of me. If I can find the child who left the gate open I'll wear out a skate strap on him."

Whenever you see a cannibal with thick lips trotting around with a circus you can put him down as nothing more than a beef-eater. The true cannibal has thin lips and a nose half long enough to pull.

FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Oatmeal cookies combine many good qualities, and will be relished by children. Make them just like an ordinary sugar cookie, using two-thirds oatmeal and one-third wheat flour.

A little time and trouble used in removing the seed from grape sauce will pay a large interest. After the grapes have been cooked sufficiently so that the seeds separate readily from the sauce through a colander, then with a spoon remove the seeds as far as possible, put the skins back with the juice to cook until they are soft, and skim off any seeds that rise to the top.

Cranberry pudding is made by pouring boiling water on a pint of dried bread crumbs: melt a tablespoonful of butter and stir in. When the bread is softened add two eggs, and beat thoroughly with the bread. Then put in a pint of the stewed fruit and sweeten to your taste. Bake in a hot oven for half an hour. Fresh fruit may be used in place of the cranberries. Slices of peaches put in in layers make a delicious variation.

Sauce for a common fruit pudding is nice made of one cup of sugar, an even tablespoonful of flour, and one of butter. Mix to a cream, pour boiling water over this, and stir until there are no lumps; then put on the stove, and keep it there until it is cooked, say, for ten or fifteen minutes. Flavor with nutmegs, and put in a large spoonful of molasses to give it a rich brown color.

A mixture which is excellent for removing grease-spots and stains from carpets and clothing is made of two ounces of ammonia, two ounces of white castile soap, one ounce of glycerine, one ounce of ether; cut the soap fine, dissolve in one pint of water over the fire; add two quarts of water. This should be mixed with water in the proportion of a teaspoonful to one ordinary-sized pail of water. Mix thoroughly, and wash soiled garments in it. For removing spots use a sponge or clean flannel cloth, and with a dry cloth rub as dry as possible. Woolen goods may be made to look bright and fresh by being sponged with this.

Barley soup is excellent if the stock is sufficiently rich. To make it so cut three slices of bacon and two pounds of the neck of veal in small pieces; put them in a sauce-pan or small kettle with a pint of water. Let this simmer for three-quarters of an hour, then add one small onion, a carrot, two stalks of celery, a bouquet of herbs, half a teaspoonful of black pepper, a teaspoonful of salt and two quarts of water. Let this boil for at least two hours, then take from the fire, and when cold remove the fat or scum from the top, strain the soup and put it on the fire, and add a pint of barley which has been washed and soaked in cold water for three hours at least. There should be a pint of the barley after it is soaked. This is the proper proportions for two quarts of soup.

LIFE IN A BLACK BASS TANK.

How the Finny Tribe Disport Themselves in a World of Limited Dimensions.

American Field.

Mr. Thomas Rineck, of Easton Penn., has fitted up a tank with a perpetual flow of water, and has placed in it a number of bass which he was fortunate enough to capture from the Delaware. The two largest weighed respectively three pounds and seven ounces, and the latter four pounds two ounces. The latter's fins and tail are very ragged and torn, owing to a fierce attack made on him shortly after he was put in by the former. But the relations between all of them have since been amicable.

The largest one, after a few days' confinement, made a determined effort to escape, and jumped with such persistency and force that he loosened the wire gauze over the tank from its fastenings, and damaged his mouth to such an extent that he carried it open three-fourths of an inch for over two weeks, and it interfered materially with the comfort of his feeding. They fed very deliberately, and their favorite food seems to be young catfish. When one of these is put into the tank they will sort of point it, following its movements rather with their eyes, but never remitting this deliberate pursuit, and it is often a long while before they make an assault. The catfish instinctively recognize their danger, and immediately begin their tactics of defense. These are limited to turning tail to their enemy and keeping their heads in the bottom corners of the tank and under favoring stones. As long as they can hold this position they are comparatively safe, as the bass will rarely touch them except head first.

Recently a catfish somewhat over three inches long, by his skirmishing, evaded the largest bass for several minutes, and finally got his head well sheltered under a favoring stone. The bass, after several futile efforts to dislodge it, at last took it by the tail, drew it out, and swam leisurely around the tank several times with it, when, giving it a sudden toss, he caught it by the head.

What She Said About Him.

New Orleans Playmate.

"What does your sister say about me?" asked a young man of the smaller brother of the maiden he thought he loved. "Oh, lots!" sentimentally exclaimed the precocious boy. "Well tell me," said the youth in a coaxing voice. "She says you have lots of money." "Well what else?" "I don't like to tell." "Oh, come; tell me and I'll give you some candy." "Well, she says that if she ever married you she'd loan you to Farmer Cornstalk for a scarecrow." "Is that all?" he sarcastically inquired. "Oh, no! She said if it wasn't for your ears, the top part of your head would be an island, and that if your nose was a little longer you could stir your coffee with it, and if—!" But the young man had closed the front door after him and was scotching down the street on a dog trot.